

Poetry Series

Sivan P.G Menon
- poems -

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Sivan P.G Menon()

Life a 'metamorphosis'...cannot be static
...cannot define in absolute terms..

born INDIAN..in thought and content..
believes in respectful..co existence..
compassionate to all living beings...

! ! ' Chastity'.. My Apologies

Chastity'...my apologies..

Poem by Sivan PG Menon

(Pl read the preface....penned below)

-

A dungeon deep and mysterious..

Life seen in disdain, there.

Lost are the sensibilities

And passions to live.

Men young and old crave for flesh

Bodies lie lifeless, nude

Mothers, their young girls alike

For their share of pittance

'Saundatti' I murmured

Possessed a divine innocence...

beauty personified...un kissed by vices..

I....soon slipped to a trance.

Dark, oiled, and sprayed with vermilion,

Garlanded with Streaks of Hibiscus, jasmine and marigold,

mighty trunks of the Banyan stooped on, the Deity,

shiny green garlands swayed in the cool breeze...

Bathed in the crimson rays of the setting SUN,

Dipping in the vastness of the waves for a majestic exit

Holding my hand with wanton disbelief in her eyes,

Coyly warmth of the dusk on her cheeks,

A charm of innocence filled her face

A tint of red coated her immature lips

Lips widened and she held on to a hearty smile

glittering dreamy eyes,

thick eyebrows and a cute tiny nose ring.

Her eyelids, laden with sleep... winked

Starry eyes shone in the dim light

Divine dark 'Kajal' mysterious as the night

Her oiled hair had few streaks of flowers tucked into it.
I saw jasmine on her hair.
Did it add to the lust?

The faint smell of the night
the thick mist and the dark invasive calm
veiled the invisible soul
A nightingale's subdued singing ...
Chords of ...discontent

The village folks unfolded a story
Of a damsel, a darling.. chaste...
Born to a family of 'Devadasi'
Destined 'only to solicit 'men
And Lure them to ecstasies

The village lamented...
.. the chaste young dame
Would lose her to the
Hovering vultures around

Lightening struck the hillock
The day she was offered to the Temple
As she was the embodiment
Of the serene beauty. Chastity... untouched

She prayed in agony and pains
A raging fire lit her eyes
A burst of clouds from the heavens
Thunderbolts split the sky.

Virtue tainted
Values... maimed....

Wailing women thronged the banyan tree
A stoic calm shrouded the Statue
Enchanting sculpture of The Protector
Throbbled with a radiance ...seduced all

I winked open my shut eyes

The SUN atop her feminine marvel...
Blossomed Her youth. The vigor ...and
the Chastity untouched

She is Chastity
She is Vigor....Enchantress ...
She is Yellamma...Devi..
an eternal bliss in my inner soul...

Poem adapted from Indian context.

Stories, telltales of deities and their supernatural elements float throughout the length and breadth of the come across lives embedded in beliefs based on Folklore traditions. Kerala has few Devi Temples (female Deities /Goddess are worshipped) Chottanikara in Ernakulam /Cochin, Kodungallore, erstwhile Cranganore, the place where Christianity had originated in India. Another important place of worship is the PONKAALA Devi to city of Trivandrum. Here also congregation comprises of mainly women, seeking blessings and POWER to survive.....

Women' They are incarnation of the POWER- SAKTI of STREE -Nari(Stree -Nari woman) (rather the anger and agonies of the maimed woman) The temples and the deities are a source of solace to the believers mainly women. They instill a sense of social security to the downtrodden....abused ...less privileged.....

'Saundatti' a small hamlet near Belgum, in Karnataka state. A place, I had visited on a study tour previously. A sleepy hamlet, where majority of the people are devotees of 'Yellamma'. Presiding deity of the temple. The population has a sizeable number of poor and middle class Shivite Brahmins, (one of the major sects in the Brahmin community -followers of Lord Shiva) who follows the 'Devadasi' system. Majority of the women were performing artists, who entertained and served the elite class and the priests, by singing and presenting the classical dances, in olden days. The lure for wealth and money attracted many into this profession. Later it became an established norm for every family to dedicate at least one female member to their deity 'yellamma' to appease the goddess for her blessings. A feudal law, which protected the right of the upper class to womanize without any social objections. This system exists even today and this remains the major source of income for this community. Few places like Vadia, in North Gujarat, Shohor Gauv in Maharashtra & Bajooza in Uttar Pradesh, that maintain such practices, have become major supply links to the infamous

red streets of Bombay, Surat and other cities. A major aberration to the beliefs and faith....

News on incest and assaults that Kerala reports have touched alarming proportions. Its time we debate the parameters for the coronation of the states as 100% literate Incidents of sexual assault and incest towards minor girls are on the increase especially in the highly politicized state of Kerala., The state has the dubious distinction of being the highest in alcohol consumption & a state that has a sizeable population of deserted population of young wives & husbands as a part of human trade...

Men are subjective in their attitudes in having 'virgins' as their partners. Chastity is considered a great 'feminine value'.....

As inheritors of the pious 'Nari -sank alp' ...

Will it hold good? ?

-

.. Dedicated to the innocent children forced into flesh trade throughout the world.....

also.....to the Human values &...CONSCIENCE ...maimed and mauled by inhuman cruelty...in broad daylight....in the 'space'... legitimate for all..to co exist..

sivan pg menon

Sivan P.G Menon

!!! ...' Men '...Defined..

....Men defined....

Poem by Sivan PG Menon

Infectious presence, warm... ebullient
Stocky temperament, sense of humor
Broad shoulders...a chest absorbent....
Lead, but walk aside....

Variant moods...magnanimity to own...errs
...and forgetful of the strains...
Hushed...in conflicts affectionate.....
Shield and reconcile...promises kept...

soul search the self, and define the woman....
To craft a story of co existence...ecstasy....
create HER ...explore HER...Midas touch of a MAN
a blend of masculine..and feminine

No men and women... icons...ideal
Perceptions..... denote relationships...
Enduring...respectful, dignified... compassionate....
Obsessed to LIVE and let LIVE

Sivan P.G Menon

!!!Warming Globe....

!!!! ...Warming GLOBE...

A poem by Sivan PG Menon

Life motionless... veiled in sky scrappers...
Concrete... steeled structures ... dreams beyond skies...
Life guarded, plagued with insecurity and mistrust
Man away from human touch...fortified seclusion...
Deceptive calm Chaotic
soaring ... agonies....mercurial
chord of discontent....
Existence a towering inferno

...an alternate LIFE...

Placid waters... mindscapeserene, selfless...
Kiss of the soil...air...water...a mothers touch...
Vision down to earth.... perseverance to save progeny...
togetherness... un walled
...warmth of humanness...Terrains borderless
synergy of compassion.....
In harmony with nature abundant
Co existence an epic ... Symphony of NUTURE....lasting quietude

Sivan P.G Menon

!!! ..Paradise Lost...

.! ! !`Paradise' lost.....

A poem by Sivan PG Menon
(please read the foot note...)

Autumn flowers benumbed, leaves swayed, in panic,
Bleached colorless...
women, wailing with unruly hair...
Fiery wind, swerved...
Doves, soaked in blood....
A dirge broke the eerie silence....
Aghast in pain and agony...
Garden turned grave, terror stricken.

Chilled bodies ridden with bullets,
Strewn in Pathways,
With no rites or rituals,
Lay forlorn, in the dungeons, frozen,
Un sung, they have a faith different,
...color, creed but a blood, similar...
Blessed by the Creator?

None to lament the dead,
.... grieve their beloveds,
Not a tear rolled down.
Their dear ones far away, unaware
of the ghastly fate they met....
Soon to return to... their land....
as `martyrs of revenge' from the land of `The Mahatma'?

You tell me to LOVE and hold,
Man in esteem.
why people kill each other?
the innocent kids?
the poor who earn a bread for home...?
Do we get near or away to GOD?
Be moaned, my conscience....

A chasm left wide, with hatred
Mankind cannot bridge,
Paradise lost to bullets..blind,
Stealth of hatred..
.....Breath of Co existence, and
Throb of warmth and sharing...
A thing of the past...

Blind are men...
Veiled in beliefs narrow, vision tainted,
Groping in the dark.....

We have but We...to lead and be the savior
of future ...progeny....,
LIFE preciousa Garden
of LOVE ...Compassion....Dignity..
and death a HONOR! ! !

Terror strikes again...! ! !

Yet another ` man made calamity'....

Bangalore...the garden city of India is mourning the death of the
innocents'....un mindful act of TERRORISM..(25/07/08)

..... it is difficult for many of us to come into terms with realities in LIFE.
Especially `Death'... the veiled unpleasant companion in LIFE.

You experience the first kiss of LIFE in your mother's womb. A blessing
uncommon ... precious moments as your heart throbs, and enthusiastically you
come out into this WORLDto LIVE and DEPART with honor.

Does anybody have the right to deprive you of a `Honorable ...natural death'?

If you and I are destined to be born here ...let's also be destined to embrace
death with HONOR & DIGNITY ...Let's not fall prey to a handful of inhuman,
insensitive & character less peoplewho appear in the sheep's clothing's.
Beware they are none but re incarnation of beastly instincts.

Appallingly...we come into terms with the, frozen bodies lying in the mortuary,
mourn their death as a rhetoric... Un attendedun cared for; they are to return
in six or seven footer coffins. They are deprived of a `Honorable Death'...and

deprived of a legitimate mourning too...as they have a different logic & faith...and belief in LIFE.

Sivan PG Menon

....in an utter state of confusion -25/07/08

Sivan P.G Menon

!!! ..Sojourn With Self...(1)

!!! ..sojourn with self...(1)

A poem by Sivan PG Menon

Eyes elude the self within
Looks deceptive and fear ringed...
Inquisitive to seek the 'I' innate, sullen
Am I deceiving the self in me..?

Birth a gift' ...
Childhood, buds of innocence...
Adolescence a barbed fence, captivity...
Dilemma's un fathomable...inhibited
Teens a concoction... oblivious...
Seemingly a 'tunnel vision.
Nonchalant youth....
Syndromes.., middle age ravaging....
Fear...ambiguous ...of a losing paradise....
Your unwilling embrace of..... SILENCE....near...
...a Grand finale...

Traversing a zigzag rope... transformation
rugged ...uncanny
...Pebbles down... Ocean depth shall never reveal
the pathways of life....Metamorphosis of existence...
Soul a mystery...infinite...

Sivan P.G Menon

!!! ..The 'Nuclear'..Dilemma..

!!!! ...the ' nuclear '...dilemma...

a poem by Sivan PG Menon

Life embroiled in crisis manifold...

Tech-driven ...net worked ...anonymity

Screen agers...

Passionless robot's.....? ? ?

De linked with the Past, Present an illusion..

Cob-Webbed Future, gripping disillusionment.....

Diminishing Family ties....

Enveloped `nuclear' upbringing...

Lost identity of relation ship....

Miniaturization to micro-chip....

Children yet another `nucleus'...insensitive to life.....

Human bonds... ...Dispensable

Relations redundant... as...

Graying befalls..... Old is obsolete...? ? ? ?

Asylums for our own dear and near ones....

An unceremonious farewell

To souls, that nurtured us ...

In tombs for deserted...

Emerging global concept `...

All that glitters is..Money...Power...and Arsenals of hatred

Reveling in chemistry....`Nuclear'

Alas! ! ! Hiroshima...we are yet to learn....

Unmindful....of the past...

A Holocaust supersedes...another...catastrophic! ! ! !

Sivan P.G Menon

!!! 'sojourn..With Self..(2)

!!! 'sojourn..with self..(2)
a poem by Sivan PG Menon

Timid, re collections
Nostalgic...
glitters ...fresh..
broken bangles ...beads of LOVE
threads of silk..jaded, my sister wore..
peacock feathers ...hidden
in smudged, withering pages..
grandma' read.. shared..
round spectacles....wrinkled face feeble..
....' bent walking stick.....
Rested, as age travels...
Rusty, greened copper knobs..
The woody oil scent...
The antiques of LIFE'...
enliven the strings of ...memories..
the child in me..
... Swings back and forth.
..... a sense of LOSS...

by...Sivan PG Menon

Sivan P.G Menon

.. Wah! ! ...Taj..! ! !

Wah! ! ! TAJ

....a poem by Sivan PG Menon

.... Touch of myriad hands...

Glorious monument, never reborn

Spirit everlasting ...divine...

Artisans obsolete? ? ? ...artistry sublime...

Chiseled passions...

Sculpture lucid... pulsating

Scripture...entwined emotions.

Love envied ...

Romance immortalized

Intimate, the realms carved..

Ageless..Timeless.. Infinite..

Fervor innate, marbled

Embedded into the soul ...

dove white.. ebb and flow..

Soothing silver streaks of moonlight

Lovers at Peace... eternal.....

Sivan P.G Menon

.....Beyond The Sea

.....beyond the SEA

a poem by P.G. Sivan Menon

The infinite SEA fascinates...

why? I sit gazed on to the vast.. perpetuity...

A yacht on a long voyage will soon arrive....

With love and compassion in abundance for me...

A thousand wings on its mast...

Soothing music I have been longing for...

It waves the gospel of lasting peace...

... the radiance of innocent smiles...

.....scores of colourful..Butterflies that

Blooms a million flowers....in my heart...

Usher in the autumn...heavenly fragrance

Here.....I am awaiting...

hopeful of the new dawn...

Blessed will I be with new rays of HOPE...

.....

10th July 09

a poem by Menon

Sivan P.G Menon

.....Gravity Doeth Exist

Gravity doeth exist

Poem by...Sivan PG Menon

Shows, UN REAL... galore ...
Mothers vie ...for stardom...
In Studio's... of discontentment
Their stuffed kids
Writhe large ...in Agony... pain. and innocence
On their cosmetic' face...

Gravity doeth exist...
Towards wealth
Glamour... fame
Love, peripheral skin deep
Loses its sheen... in the rust of ego, jealousy
Compassion... an old fable...
Co existence a myth...

A new dictum in LIFE'...
Win alone `...not together...share no Glory ...

Dried are shores green,
Parched, as the receding waves never returns...
To giggle and sink you ... in a cold numbness
Winds blow hot...
Forlorn hours tick, pendulum sings an... eerie note
days of longing ness disappear

Loner you stay, as in the infinite.... sky....
Gaze the countless...

Your quest to seek beyond NINE ...
Miles and miles away in a milky way...
A subtle hope that mankind holds...
A dropp of life exits. there....
Untouched by Glamour... fame and ego...
And the urge to win together.....

A new planet yet to be born...

Gravity...Virgin... Green...Virtues...

And be sure no shows, that breeds
The mean human passions...
And no LIFE tormented in studios'...

Abrupt outpour after reading the story of the 'KOLKOTTA GIRL' who was taken ill seriously during a reality show & subsequently flown to Bangalore for treatment... Apparently, the teenager could not reconcile herself with the rude remarks of the judges? Victim of 'A cold blooded insult'...

Whom to be blamed? The over ambitious parents? The professional Judges (at times devoid of finer human sensibilities) or the Mass media promoting such hype?

Sivan PG Menon
June 28th 2008

Sivan P.G Menon

.....Slums Of Destiny! ! !

.....Slums of destiny'

A poem by Menon

An OSCAR...Revered a billion lives...

Impoverished, muted from birth....
Buried 'innocence... orphaned! ! !
Existence of irrelevance WORLD over
Embodiments of insult...
Abuse and abandonment....
Deprivations, dreams forlorn...
Unsung hitherto....

Can now be a world of joys...up rise..
Colorless..too eager to merge..
To skies of humanity...vast...infinite..
A WORLD order..new ...dignified...
To script a tale of HOPE...and recognition
....amid adversity and squalor...
Universal truth unfolded...
Every dog has his day...

A poem by Menon

.....
.

A tribute to 'The Great Indian Civilization....the 'OMkara Mantra'...the nascent
SOUND of UNIVERSE...that originated from SILENCE...and that created the
sublime...divine musical delight...& the People who scripted the Slum dog
Millionaire'...

Sivan P.G Menon

....A Fable Of Conflicts...? ? ?

a fable of conflicts....? ? ?

a poem by Sivan PG Menon

Space Inner ...shelters guilt....
...quest... to conquer
Explore..Expand..Exploit.....
Don't you hear the Cries of ` Babylon ...
From the ruins of Bedouin heritage.....
Have you learnt to live with it.....?
Now a quest to trace LIFE else where...
Dreams to shuttle men....
Realms secluded...

Space outer...flames engulfed
A cauldronorbiting.....
I see a mountain heap, waste ...
Nuclear ...dump
debris...man made agonies...
Sense of insecurity

Despair...
..elope to seek pastures peaceful...
Disembark...to ruin the truth of genesis

Sky gazers....
Beware....
The stories you tell progeny...
On angels dwelling in skies.....
And the Santa `s golden carriage..
No more an excitement...
... a fable of conflicts..

Sivan PG Menon

10th Aug 2008

Sivan P.G Menon

....Asylum Barren...? ? ?

...asylum barren...? ? ?

...a poem by Sivan PG Menon

Mind clogged, a lurch hazy
Adulation wealth ...un satiated.....
No reasons, my sorrows mount...
Monotony, the relations close at stake?
Chase beauty cosmetic,
Skin deep...
...pasture's new ...greener
Failure human, to define the innate?
...beeline...Frustrations...

Instincts non committal
withers ...premature
.. companionshipbarren
Coitus ...weary
Mothering an `excruciating pain
.....no more an ecstasy...
Garbage ... cradles Foetus, still
...simmering ...Agonies...

Begun Day... the Tarot reader,
The numerologist
The astrologer ...witch craft
....art Occult ...

.. asylum barren? ? ?

-

Sivan PG Menon

4th aug 2008

Sivan P.G Menon

....Sanddunes Of...Tranquility...

....sanddunes of...tranquility

Poem by Sivan PG Menon

.....
Pangs of forced separation, from the beloveds

Turbulence, the rhythm... of heart

Unfulfilled dreams of the young brides...

The mothers and the young ones

Its human ... undiscovered

Turmoil in the earthen lap.....

Deep stretches of silky brown....

Grooved soil.....ripples of sandunes

Clouds of hot breath.....from far...

brewing ...Desert storm in heart...

As a solitary voyager 'The ship of the desert'

The soul languishes.....in solitude...

Swirling whirlwind...a cacophony

Of tumultuous heartbeats...

Thorny blue bells...fragrance...of arid passions

the enduring presence of the lone cactus...

Longing ness... for... Consummate... love...

Unruly mist of sandunes... hovers

...Bemused nature at its best

'She and I' the soul's sublime...in tranquility....

Migration of Indians, especially Keralites, in search of better economic conditions, started early 40'a has a strong contingent of migrated human resource, in the MIDDLE EAST deserts. Years of separation from the loved ones, has created a vacuum in the society....

In other words, we are a special breed of people, who have imbibed a 'culture of Separation' and live in captivity... the longing ness of the lovers... to be together ...Keeps the soul....inspired...

Sivan P.G Menon

...A Trial In Womb...? ? ?

A trial in WOMB ...

A poem by Sivan PG Menon

Grave.... embryonic....

.... sobs unheard

....tender throbs, fear stricken

....warmth and the mothers love...

Shall cease to exist

A trial unchallenged? ?

Deprivation.... to be suckled.....

Genesis of hatred 'Pierce life'

Termination... White gloved,

Man decides....

Form, breedshades

....to face a trial in womb

un defending ...

Injustice... on these...innocents...

Sivan PG Menon

5th Aug 2008

Mumbai couples have moved court to terminate a pregnancy under the pretext of a heart ailment, diagnosed in the foetus...

Are we getting more and more insane? value erosion of LIFE'? ?

The issue has attained public interest as the foetus is more than four weeks old...

Can this set a precedence to laws on abortions? ?

Is LIFE safe in a WOMB? ? ?

Sivan P.G Menon

...New Born...

wheel chaired on the corridors that smelled ailments of AGE
a new awakening of LIGHT
re kindled HOPE

nascent smell of scores of LIFE tickling thru the STREET
I am new BORN..a new lease of LIFE
..the BLOCKS of darkness, a nightnare...

Sivan P.G Menon

...Ode To My Dad & Mom

Poem by...Sivan PG Menon

...an ode to my 'dad and mom'

I don't remember the day,
I toddled on to this 'space...vast..
How I knelt and jerked to reach
the stars and the sky, still a myth.

I wonder, how I learned walking
And talked to 'mom and dad'.
It still surprises me,
I could chirp like the sparrows,
And imitate the humming birds.

Blessed am I to have the green woods,
the mountains, the gushing springs,
the lush green farms,
the swaying Daffodils,
and a 'Strong willed dad & mom'

LIFE did take my tiny finger
As it yearned to be held...
As it cherished to be lead...
Through the serpentine realms of destiny,
I clung to them...in the middle...hand in hand.

The quest to reach the star lit sky
Planets so far...and puzzling...
Blue seas ...deep and mysterious
I craved to unravel the truth,
befriended me from birth.

Thoughts masculine ...enriched me
virtues feminine, nurtured me
emboldened me to wade ahead
'more than a dad'..... He is to me.
'more than a mom'.... She is to me.

Remember, the invaluable are invisible,
do not surface, like the pearl, hidden deep.
Embedded are they in my 'dad & mom'
So deep. ...deep in their inner soul.....shining,
an eternal bliss, divine...

a courage inspires me to dive deep,
excavate the hidden treasure,
that lies in them beyond the shores of relationship,
in the oceanic depth of LOVE & ESTEEM.
a fortune immortal...

an ethereal spirit awakens...rekindles...,
upholds a truth...Yes! mom & dad....
true to its form and splendor
like the scores of expressions NATURE transcends
strengthens my belief in LIFE and... Today, I am...what I am....

Sivan P.G Menon

...Poles Apart? ? ?

...poles apart ? ? ?

A poem by Sivan PG Menon

Poles, diverse...

Away...Distant.....

Draws One to one.....

conscience ..Universal ...

Earth.... its axis, an ardent vision...

Spins...

Infuses light Darkness....seasons'.....

In furious jolts ...

Virulent high tides ...and low ones...

...sea changes... Eerie calm.....awe inspiring ...

Nature, sublime..

Guides....

Mentor...creator and the destructor....

*` Srishti.. Sthithi.. Samhara'....

Motives, never revealed....

As in man ... `poles apart'

But...act Balancing ! ! ! ! !

Sivan PG Menon

3rd Aug 2008

•ra.

•Indian mythological elements on ence. Destruction

Sivan P.G Menon

..A Gateway Of Homeless....

...a 'Gateway' of home less...

Poem by Sivan PG Menon

.....

a 'Gateway' of home less.....

The BLAST! set the Sun ablaze,
frightened doves fluttered their wings in pain.
Scattered crows, sparrows strewn in the sky,
Soared, as in an aimless flight.

Crippling the joyous streets,
Lifeless bodies perched the roofs.
Life's diminishing values,
Lies mangled with fire and flesh.

Thick smoke eclipsed the Sun, and the heaven
to hide the writhing pains.
It rained, not refreshing crystal drops,
But rubble, with stains of blood.

The waves receded, quietly,
Leaving the Majestic ate alone.
The forlorn, carved stones wept
Lamented the lives lost.

Street urchins clung to their mother,
Lean arms shivered, holding all four.
Benumbed, but feared the pall of fire,
Consuming flesh and bones.

Star less grimly gloom descended,
Tiny tots wept, breaking an eerie silence,
Mothers in grief reeled in agony,
A chill in their spines "we have lost this heavenly home..."

Lost are the home of the doves and the crows
The wanderers, the stargazers, the cupid struck,
And all of us, afoot THIS GATE
For a home away from home.

Waves of Tri- color gushes in my heart,
a full throated cry echoes the street, soaked in blood.
"Saffron for valor?
White denotes lasting Peace?
And Green for Prosperity".....? ? ? ? ?

A maimed GATEWAY.....that bled
A magnanimous CITY...that reeled in pain
But...A GATE that never shuts.....

Many a heart, throb for this CITY.....
It's dwellers & it's luring charm.....
That inspiresthe innate soul.....to LIVE & let LIVE

Sivan PG Menon

(Recollections of the un ending tragedies ...man made)

Dedicated to MUMBAI & its homeless people.

Being a transplanted Keralite'...Mumbai has always fascinated me...

It's milling crowds...with and without identity... dirty slums.... Streets painted RED
.. the Glamorous BOLLYWOOD... are all symbols of a 'mass dynamism'..
human..co existence

Amazingly, this myriad city recuperates with mind boggling speed... after every
disaster... be it a man made calamity...or a natural one...

We have started living with it...

..... as the bomb ripped through the busy streets and fell the innocent human
lives, the dastardly act sent shock waves thru my spines... struck my conscience,
like a thousand mighty waves that lashed the 'Mighty gate way'...

Sivan P.G Menon

..An Affair...inimitable..

..an affair...inimitable..

Poem by Sivan PG Menon

Green leaves, sleep laden with mountain mist
Sparkling droplets awaiting to wean off their tips...
Chirpy swift- velvet sparrows
flutter to dry the soaked wings...
The golden rays atop ...a radiance ...
Energy transcends...buoyant... dawn...

Sky rolls in a sheath of crimson...
Tint of green -yellow melancholy...
A lone bird wades thru the dim setting sun..
The receding light splashes, dark streaks...
Sleep... descends...silent...dusk

Recede to the slumber...to rejuvenate..
souls of the new dawn...and dusk...splendid UNION..
A canvas unseen and afresh...feasts of NATURE...
... a conjugal bliss..Never a monotony...
Perpetual romance till the LIFE exists ...

Sivan P.G Menon

..Rays Of Summer

rays of SUMMER....by Sivan PG Menon

we do hibernate,
a cold dizzy dawn weeps
silence looms large
a time, withdrawn, seeking the ' I ' in us.....
myriad manifestations of nature....our own

the radiance of summer rays,
a needle prick, in slumber
jolts the frosty heap..... past and forgotten....
mind withers....
perished leaves merge the soil...thoughts rekindles...
a rediscovered self ' I am '....new
a kiss of graceful LIFE.....

Sivan P.G Menon

~ ~ ~ Chords Of Love! ! !

~ ~ ~ chords of LOVE
..... poem by Sivan PG Menon
(Please refer foot notes...)

She ...

...the strings... un strum
*Saptaswaras...
Ascends ...descends..
Octaves shrill, low...
beats reverberating
pulsating...

He...

....Composer TOUCH MIDAS...
Sculpture... lyrical...
rhythms... ..throbs innate..
Fusion...heavenly...
A calming symphony ...
Chords of content... resonance eternal...

- Sapta Swaras – the seven basic notes in Classical Indian Music
- Ascend Descend (Arohanam.... Avarohanam)
- Sa Re Ga Ma Pa Da Ni Sa....Sa Ni Da Pa Ma Ga Re Sa....

Equivalent to western classical notes Do re....

Sivan P.G Menon